

**T**he Delights of the Bottle are turn'd out of doors,  
By fadious fanatical Sons of dam'd Whores.  
*French* Wines Prohibition meant no other thing,  
But to poyson the Subject, and begger the K—  
Good Nature's suggested with Drugs like to choak her,  
Of fulsom Quin'd Wine by the curst *Wine-Cooper*.

Our plaguy *Wine-Cooper* has tamper'd so much,  
To find out the subtilty of the false *Dutch*.  
He tinctures prickt White-wine, that never was good,  
Till it mantles, and sparkles, and looks like Bulls blood.  
But when it declines, and its Spirits expire,  
He adds more Ingredients, and makes it look higher.

His old rotten Pipes, where he keeps all this Trash,  
For fear they should burst, Sir, he hoops them with *Asb*.  
When the Sophistication begins for to froth,  
And boyls on the Fret, Sir, he wisely pulls forth  
A Tap which gives vent, to the grounds of the Cause,  
And then is to vamp up a second red Nose.

Then this dungy *Wine-Cooper* stops it up again,  
And keeps it unvented till it's all on a flame.  
The *Intelligences* then were invented to show,  
Where Wine of strange Vertues in plenty did flow.  
People from all parts of the Nation did come,  
Both Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, *Doffor* and *Bum*.

The *Cooper* then pulls the Tap out of the fide,  
And drinks to the Elders of all his good Tribe.  
But when they had gull'd about all their Bowls,  
They found a strange Freedom it gave to their Souls,  
Of Secrets in Nature, that never were known,  
It gave Inspiration from Begger to Throne.

For the *Cooper* himself full Brimmers did draw,  
And all the whole Gang were oblig'd to do so.  
Amongst these Cabals there was no such a thing,  
As a Health oncé propos'd to the D—or the King,  
But drank to that Idol, that hopes in their powers,  
And Sons of most Infamous Hackney old Whores.

Then the Rabble had notice from *Smith* and from *Ben*,  
What a heavenly Liquor was sent amongst men.  
Both Tinkers and Coblers, the Broom-men and Sweep,  
Before this *Wine-Cooper* in Flocks they did meet,  
And each under foot stamp'd his old greazy Bonnet,  
To drink M—Health, Sir, whatever came on it.

The *Cooper* perceiving his Trade to approach,  
He then was resolv'd once more to debauch.  
To encourage the Rabble, and shew himself stout,  
He pull'd out the Spigot amongst the whole Rout;  
Which kindness provokt them to swear they wou'd bring  
Such Trade to his House, as wou'd make him a K—

A Hat or a Potle was still at the Tap,  
But Zealots sometimes laid their mouths to the Tap.  
They charg'd their brisk Bumpers so many times,  
Till part of the *Mob*le sprawl'd on the ground.  
But when this dam'd Liquor was got in their Pans,  
They fell to Bumbasting, Disord'ring of Stanes.

They began to Cant dangers by formal Sedition,  
And swear lawful Allegiance, 'gainst lawful Succession.  
When these Propositions began to take fire,  
They serew'd their Presumptions a hole or two higher.  
But still they keep under *Hugh Peters's* Cloak,  
To bring in the Devil, to drive out the Pope.

But then they began for to pick at the Crown,  
Each thinking that he deserv'd one of his own.  
Then all the Kings Guards they thought fit to Indict,  
And swear Treason 'gainst all that maintain'd the K Right.  
Both *Papist* and *Protestant*, no matter whether,  
They are none of our Party, let's hang them together.

Next the chief of our Game is to keep the K—poor,  
And our Senators must the Militia secure.  
The Navy and Cinque-ports we'll have in our hands,  
And then we'll make Kingdoms obey our Commands.  
Then if *Ch*—do withstand us, we need not to fight,  
To make Eighty one to out-do Forty eight.

Whatever Objections great Loyallists bring,  
Old *Adam* liv'd happy without e're a King.  
Then why may not we, that's much wiser than he,  
Subdue the whole World, Sir, by our Sovereignty?  
If one man alone can keep Three Nations under,  
Then why may not we that are Kings without number?

Right, said the *Cooper*, and shak'd his old Neddle,  
Three Kingdoms we'll tofs, like a Child in a Cradle.  
Stick close to this Liquor which I do prepare,  
'Twill make us as splendid, as *Noz* in his Chair.  
We'll kindle old Plots, by inventing of new,  
Till none shall be safe but the *Cooper* and You.

Oh brave Boys! oh brave Boys! thus the Rabble did roar,  
Tantivies and Tories shall Hector no more.  
By us they're out-acted, to us they shall bend,  
Whilst we to our Dignities freely ascend.  
Then they were dead-drunk as the devil could make 'em,  
And fell fast asleep, as ten Drums could not wake 'em.

In the Piss and the Spew the poor *Cooper* did paddle,  
To stop up his Tap, but the Knave was not able.  
For his Limbs like a Tortoise did shrivel and crease,  
Down drops the *Wine-Cooper* with the other Beasts.  
And there the whole Litter as yet doth abide,  
At the Sign of the *Bum*, with the *Tap* in our side.